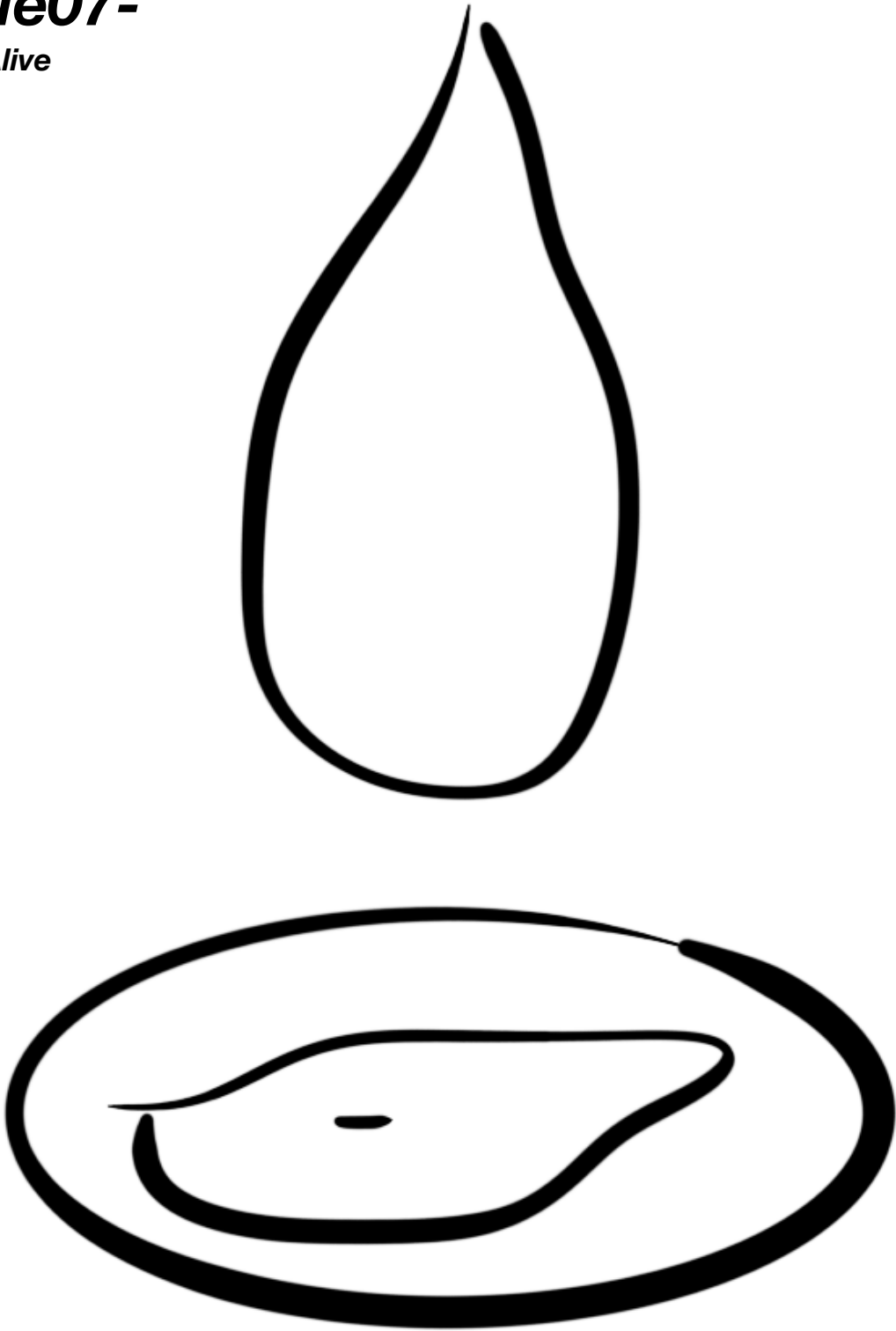


# miniMAG

*issue07-*  
*Dead Alive*



# 名曰

By Tim Yiu

名曰向江的老人死去

名曰郭安的嬰兒誕生

名曰衛港的川流乾涸

名曰師山的峭壁斷崖

郭安喝的黑牛奶

我們夜裡悄悄

傾倒入衛港

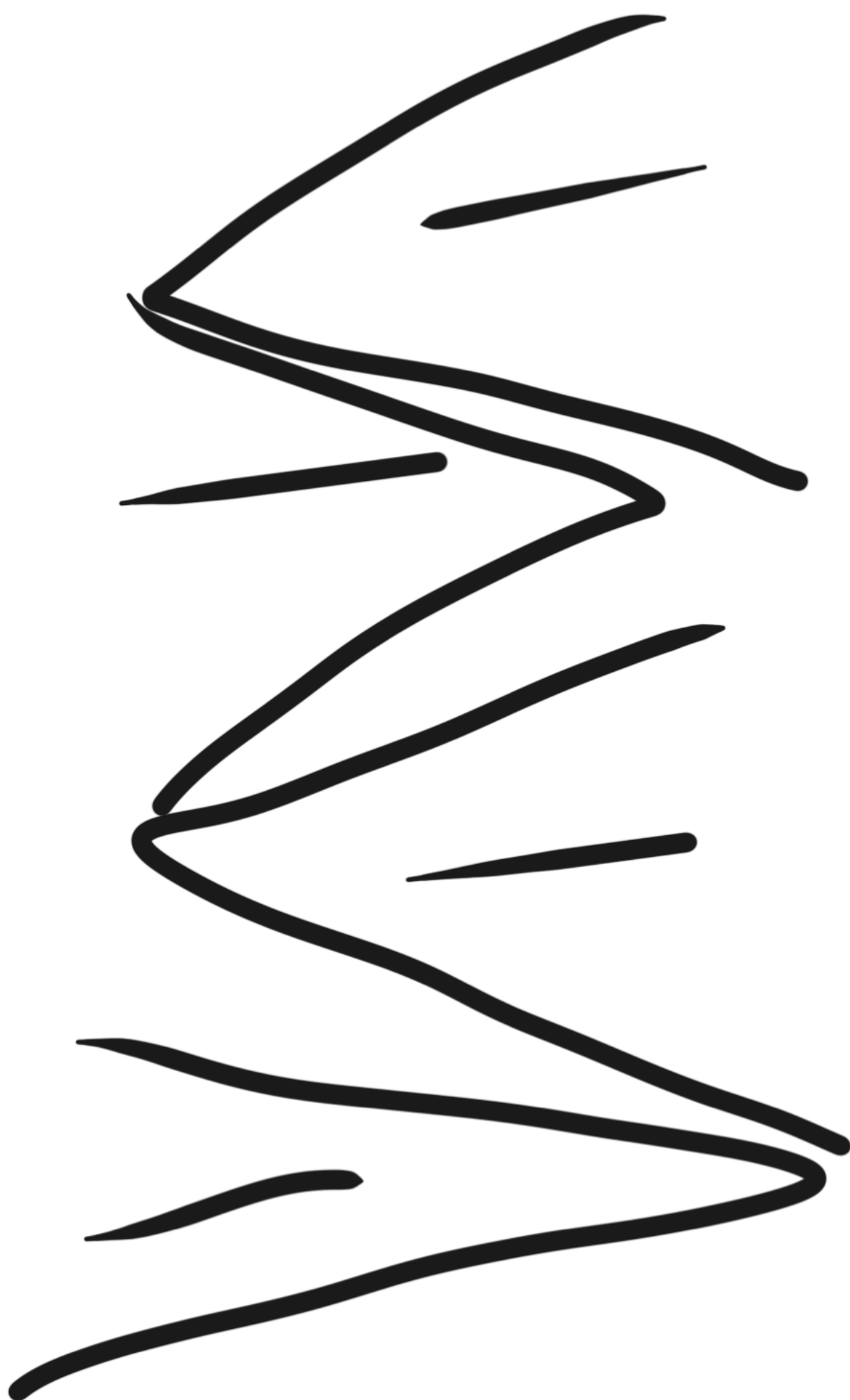
名曰範亢

# Lucky Date

Another first date during rush hour. Gotta  
remember to avoid scheduling  
this way. Roads crammed with  
commuters ahead; skyscrapers  
swallow my peripherals. Jump  
out the cab a block  
away from the mall. There's heavy  
foot traffic, check phone, ride  
on a wave of leisurely marching. She's  
already out front of the restaurant. Zoom  
up the walk, send *2 minutes*  
with a flushed smiley  
face.

On the pavement there's a dead man.  
Right in the middle of the street.  
He's so still;  
body lit blue by a police car,  
legs contorted in a pendulum,  
so impossibly still.  
Crowd releases a gasp.  
Maybe I let it out.  
Left of me, a woman blocks the face of her son,  
and pushes past, tries not to think about him.  
He's really dead and...  
I was on my way somewhere....  
He's perfectly still. He's coated in a blue light and a layer of...  
I was going somewhere...  
Blood is seeping through his shirt out onto the street.  
and I still need  
to...

Shit, I told her two  
minutes and I don't want to be late.  
Her Bumble profile bounces  
over the dead man, back  
into my mind. I turn  
my head toward the mall. Resume  
my pace.



# Baby of the World

**By Zoey Cao**

**(Translated by  
A.Z. Saiva)**

1

People put their hands on her whirling navel:

“Tell us where are you?”

The navel blows a wind, it says:

“I’m here, the metamorphosis of his sperm”

Well, well, people read their verdict,

Perhaps he was just being careless

Forget it! Forgive his name

Such punishment would be too much for him

2

She needs soap to clean

The vomit inside the body

She needs the needle and thread

To stitch her own mouth

To make her a sealed container,

To let her stomach ferment and swell

She needs some nights

To submerge her, until she forgets

Bring suffocated in the flesh of pregnancy

She has tried to kill it once

With beating, with alcohol, the tender warm dirty

Greasy death.

Yet its meat is still pressing her stomach.

Then she sees how it can’t be killed,

For it’s the child born from

The desire of life for the world

3

Through the light she can see its bones  
And between its legs there is a  
Nail that can't be pulled out  
So this is a boy  
Who gives her a ribbon for connection and  
A gift box that takes ten months to unpack  
His head leaning on the cervix, downward,  
The opposite posture of everyone  
standing in the world  
The next generation of the world  
Waiting, with no dread,  
behind the unlocked door

4

Ten months later the Moon is in her stomach  
Lying on the hospital bed  
A fish  
Behind her closed eyelids, imagining that  
After snow, the world becomes crystal  
clear with truth  
She will hear a knock in midnight, a baby  
behind the door  
Has been frozen to midnight blue  
She will hold him in arms  
Warm him, bear his weight as if bearing  
The world, elicit all of its secrets  
Her son will drink  
From the river in her breasts,  
He will pull out the poisonous stinger of males  
from her chest  
The one in people's numb nerves  
And the nail on the order of civilization  
That has been the cradle of violence

5

Will this world be better

To answer, the baby will drink long and hard

He will attempt to cross the river, attempt to

Get along with the river,

Even though his lungs are not deep enough:

Because if the ugliness of the world

Were as apparent as shipwrecks in the water,

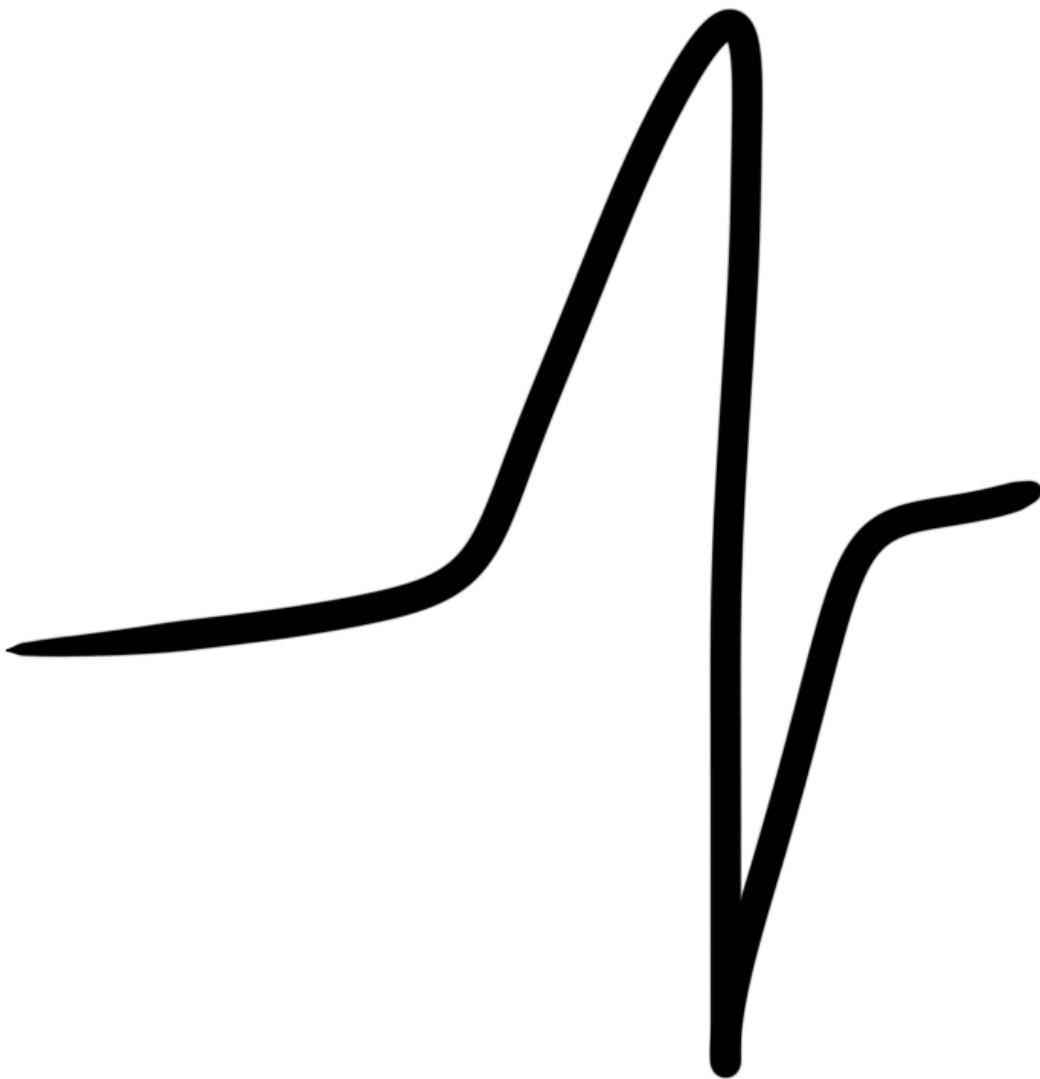
The river would not have been

taken by the crocodiles

Who have despicably bitten many mouths and ears—

Those lips and ears that still

bounce on the ground even now



# Dead Silent

By anon

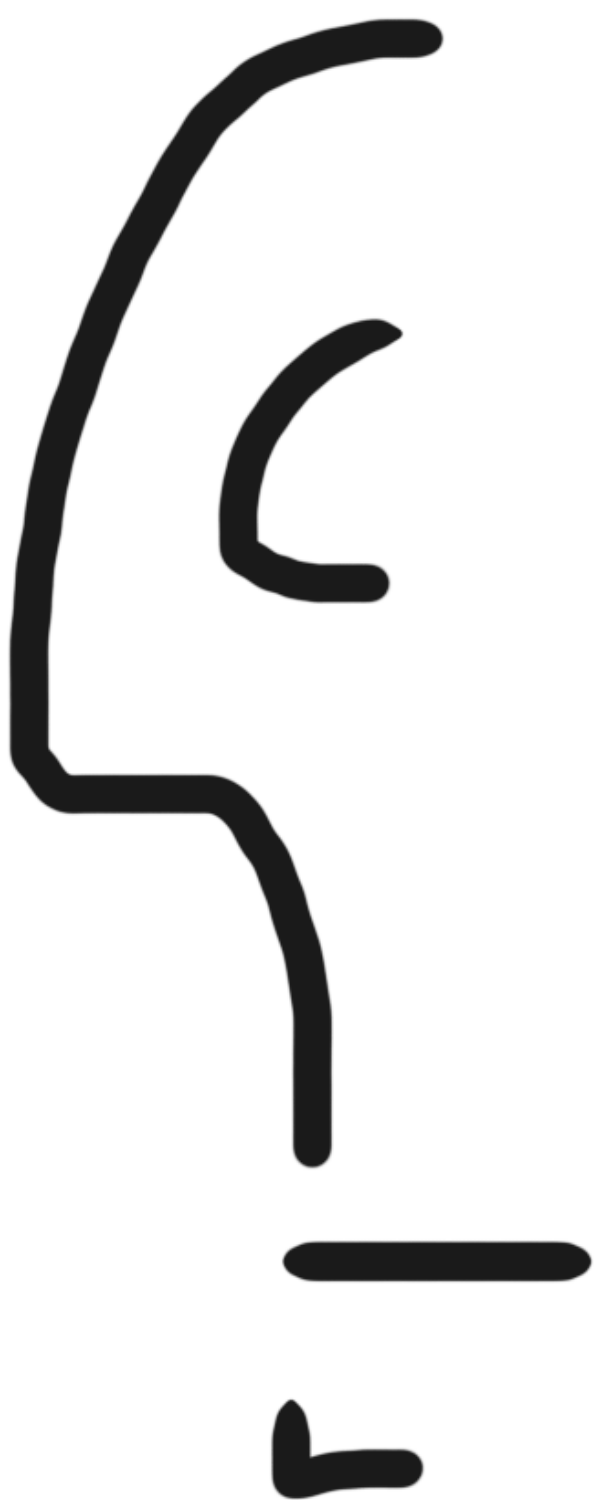
There are two dead people in this room. One sits on the mattress, dressed in rags. A gray stain dribbles from his shirt collar and a brown one crowns his chest. His mouth sits agape, his eyes peer wistfully beyond, his eyelids sag with the weight of a life poorly resolved. His skin, though flushed with blood but an hour ago, is tinting with a rotten sea green.

This man is a murderer.

The other is a boy close to manhood. He stands by the mattress bearing a blank stare. Traces of teardrops line his cheeks, their bitter-sweet salts clogging his pores. His hair is groomed, his uniform neatly buttoned, his stance that of defeat. His heart still beats, his chest still rises and falls as it always has. But staring at the corpse –the man’s final, disgraceful display – he knows he’s dead as well.

The silence cups the boy’s ears with claws. His soul smiles; he was dead at last.





# 不變

By Tim Yiu

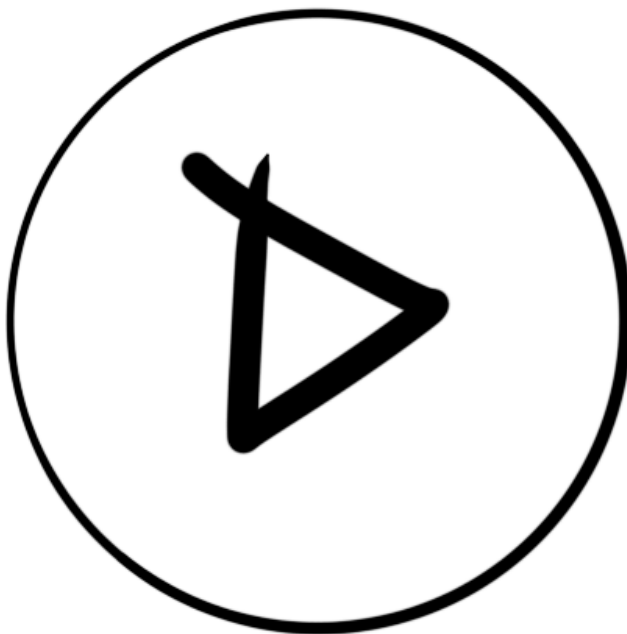
獻禮中的牲口  
是死去的詩人

掌聲中的橡皮  
是扯線的木偶

碌眼凸鼻的牲口  
認得人類所有的情感：

你似乎忘記了你的承諾  
你話過會愛我  
你同佢哋話會愛我  
愛我  
不變  
五十年

愛情你都信？  
傻仔



url:        [minimag.space](http://minimag.space)

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“名曰” and “不變” by Tim Yiu  
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“Baby of the Worldt” by Zoey Cao  
Translated by A.Z. Saiva

“Dead Silent” by anonymous

Images, editing, and “Lucky Date” by Alexander Prestia